

toike oike

University
Archives



TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY,

A matronly woman went to her doctor complaining that the fire had gone out of her marriage. The physician prescribed a certain potency pill for her husband, and asked to be informed about its effects. One week later the woman returned to see the doctor with nothing but praise. "We were just finishing dinner when I slipped one pill into his coffee. Well, before you could snap your fingers he threw all the dishes off the table, laid me down on top and went to work right then and there."

"I had no idea that the pill would have such a pronounced effect on your husband. I'm sorry if it embarrassed you."

"Oh, no! at all," replied the woman. "We weren't planning to go back to that restaurant, anyway."

A man marries a blonde and then wants a divorce 6 months later when he finds out that her pubic hair is black. When asked in court what she has to say for herself, she opens her purse, takes out a baseball and hits her hubby right between the eyes with it. The judge is about to fine her for contempt of court, but she says, "You don't understand, judge. That's my defence. I hit him with one ball, and in two minutes his eye is black and blue. He's been banging me with two balls for six months and when it gets the least bit black, he wants a divorce."

Wife: I dreamt they were auctioning off prickles. The big ones went for ten dollars and the thick ones went for twenty dollars.

Husband: What about mine?

Wife: Those they gave away.

Husband: (After thinking this one over). I had a dream too. I dreamt they were auctioning off cunts. The pretty ones went for a thousand dollars and the little tight ones went for two thousand.

Wife: What about ones like mine?

Husband: That's where they held the auction.

Once upon a time there was a guy named Spearchucker (but we'll call him Benny to preserve anonymity). His fairy godmother came to him one day and told him he could live forever on one condition. He must not shave. Benny was about 942 years old when he fell in love with a girl, and they did what most lovers do (nudge, wink, wink). He was so blind with love, that when she asked him to shave his beard off, he willingly complied. Just before he did, though, his fairy godmother saw what he was about to do, and she turned Benny into a Grecian urn. This only goes to show that a Benny shaved is a Benny urned.

A few weeks earlier the church had passed a decree allowing its priests to have pets as long as they were birds. So our faithful God fearing priest went to a bird store in search of a talking parrot. Alas he found one in the first store which he perused, with a string hanging from each leg.

"Tell me, my man," cried our callous kneed bible thumper, "What happens if you pull the string on the left leg?"

"It's great!" cried the storekeeper. "It recites the 21st Psalm."

"And what happens if you pull the string on the right leg?"

"Even better," our faithful entrepreneur said. "He says the Lords Prayer!"

Our priest was amazed and, of course, duly impressed. "And what if you pull both strings?"

Now the Parrot creaked its eyes open and said with disgust, "I fall off the fucking perch, stupid!"

Three words to ruin a jock's ego:
"Is it in?"

Lizardous

Lizard, Lizard, never die,
Big long rod with one eye.
Flashing beacon in the night,
Glowing where there is no light.

Across this fair land, from sea to sea,
The legend lives on of Tank Wankee.
When it came to women, he was a wizard,
Thanks to his best friend, the infamous Lizard.

Tank was of brawn, not of brain,
Through conversation he had little to gain.
But Lizard always knew what to do;
He'd stick his neck out to put Tank through.

Tank and Lizard were an inseparable pair,
Both were adorned with short bushy hair.
Together they'd been in some incredible spots,
Conquering all foes, with hardly a thought.

But then one day came along Chloris Nymph,
Who happened to be the "Nomadic Nymph".
She could wipe out a town in less than a day.
The best of studs, she could put away.

She drained all others in less than an hour.
No ordinary man could she not devour.
But the confrontation had yet to come,
Between Nomadic Nymph and the terrible twosome.

Tank and his friend strode into town square.
All the townsfolk just circled and glared.
Chloris squeezed the last, with her quickest position,
Sensing Tank and Lizard, as stiffer competition.

The Nymph took on her standard pose,
But changed her mind when the Lizard rose.
Her lips began to salivate then,
Realizing what was to cum in the end.

Lizard glanced up and winked his one eye,
Charged in head first; sure he wouldn't die.
The battle raged on for two hours and more,
Until Chloris lay there able no more.

Tank and his buddy—victorious—withdraw,
Little did they know, the team, too, was through.
For Nymph left her mark in the cruelest of ways.
The Lizard would shrivel, and die within days.

When the Lizard fell, he left behind,
A mysterious presence, not clearly defined.
In the form of a legend, his memory lives on,
"Beware of the stud and his giant thick Dong!"

Lizard, Lizard, never die,
Big long rod with one eye.
Flashing beacon in the night,
Glowing where there is no light.

A hygiene professor in the Skule of Nursing had sneaked so many off-colour stories into his lectures, that the girls decided to walk out of the classroom en masse the next time he began one. The instructor got wind of their plan, so the very next morning he began his talk with, "I understand that there is suddenly a shortage of ladies of easy virtue in Paris . . ." The girly jumped to their feet, and headed angrily for the exit. "Ladies, ladies," the instructor called after them cheerfully. "There's no rush necessary. The next plane doesn't leave until tomorrow morning."

The wife of an African chief had an albino baby, and suspicion began to fasten on the white missionary. When he saw that things were beginning to look bad for him, he took the chief aside and said, "Look chief, see up on that hill, all those white sheep?" "Yup", says the chief. "And", says the missionary, "See that little black lamb?" "O.K.", says the chief. "You no tell, I no tell".

One summer at a circus side show, there was a Jock who was hailed as the Most Intelligent Jock In The World. His act consisted of the following: he would take a cherry, remove the pit, stick the pit up his ass, then retrieve it, replace it in the cherry, and then swallow the cherry with the pit.

"What's so fucking intelligent about that?" inquired a voice from the crowd.

"Well," replied the side show ringleader, "He once swallowed a whole peach with the pit, and he was in sheer agony trying to shit it out. So now, he checks to see that the pits are small enough to pass through BEFORE he swallows them!"

One day an engineer arrived in hell (through no fault of his own). As he looked around he saw a multitude of clocks all spinning around at different speeds.

He asked the devil "What do these mean?"

He replied, "Each one of these clocks represents one person in the world. Every time one of them masturbates, the clock goes around once."

Sure enough, he looked around and saw the clocks of many people he knew going slowly around. He saw Shirley French's clock, Jim Kennedy's clock and other people he had known in his life on earth.

"But where", he asked, "is Joe Lstiburek's clock?"

"Oh" replied the devil, "we use it for a fan in back."

It was a rainy day in heaven and St. Peter suggested that God go down to earth for one of those good old times. "No, Peter", said God. "No more of that. I knocked up a Jewish girl two thousand years ago and they still haven't stopped talking about it".

You know I don't like Chicago worth a sheet. They don't have no hospitality. These morn I go to coffee shop for breakfast and tell a girl please I wanna two peese toast. What you tank she bringa me? One peese. I say I wanna to peese. She say if you wanna to peese go to toilet. I say no understand. I wanna to peese on my plate. She say don't peese on your plate you sonna ma beech. I never see dat lady before in my life! No wanna eat where they call me sonna ma beech so I got out. I go to restarant for breakfast and da lady she bringa me knife and spoon but no foke. I say lady, I wanna foke. She say what you tank, eveybody wanna foke. I say no understand, I wanna foke on the table. She say you no care where you foke you sonna ma beech. I don't eat. I go to my room. When I get to my room, I gotta no sheet on my bed. So I phone da manager that I wanna sheet on my bed. He say if you wanna sheet, go to bathroom. I tella him I wanna sheet on my bed. He say donna sheet on your bed you sonna ma beech! When he call me sonna ma beech I check out. I tella Chicago man I wanna cheek out to New York. He say well good-bye and peese on you brother. I say peese on you too you sonna ma beech, I go back to Italy.

Di Tri Berrese

Uans appana taim uas tri berresse; mamma berre, pappa berre, e baibi berre. Live inne cuntri nira foresta. No mugheggia. Uane dei pappa, mamma e baibi go uasaga Bicie e fughette loche de dorre.

Bai enne bai commene Goldilochese. Sci garra nattinghe tu du batte melche trombole. Sci pucsie olle fudde daon di maut; no live cronime. Den sci goa appeterresse ene slipse in olle beddesse. Leisi slobble!

Bai anne bai commene omme di tri berresse, olle sanneborne ende seud inne sciur. Dei gara no fudde; dei gara no beddesse. En uara dei tu di Goldilochese? Tro erre aute inne strit? Colle pulissemenne?

Fette cienze!

Dei uas Italian berresse, enne dai slipe anna florre. Goldilochese stei derre tri uicchese; itte aute ause en omme; en giuste becose dei asche herre uans trumeiche di beddesse, scix sei go to elle enne ran omme craine to erre mamma, tellenere uat sanimagannes di tri berresse uer.

Nuclear fishin'?

The latest offering? at the Sandford Fleming Theatre, 'Fire and Water', was one of the latest new acts of the season. This feature length, multi-million dollar production played to a packed street, and drew wide acclaim from miles around.

The plastic seats of SF136 were a little weak in their leading roles, however, this deficiency was made up by the paint work and acoustic tiles. In a second subplot, SF126 was magnificent in its rendition of 'Sure Glad I Got a New Blackboard' and 'I Can't Get No...Renovation'. Guest performances by the 029's of EUT were a little off key, but the card reader played as expected. The Final crescendo was reached when the flaming NY chariot descended from above as the printer dramatically choked out 'JOB FLUSHED'. SF126 brought the house down with 'A. V. Through The Ceiling' and 'Won't You Come Under The Dome'.

Technical production was excellent with clean natural lighting, and a brilliant chorus of fifteen fire trucks playing selections throughout. Special effects such as burning pictures and smoldering upholstery were organized by the NY common room.

Even neighbouring buildings lent a hand. The Wallberg had not seen so much water in the basement since Mary Volpe's 'Canoe Races In The Hallways' last fall. The Annex was so overcome that it lost power for two days and turned into a computer centre.

Meanwhile, Convocation Hall's initial stage fright wore off after a few drinks provided by the fire truck chorus.

This was a most professional performance all round, and this reviewer hopes it will return soon.

A no-no

Seeing the momentum Tom Watt's Hockey Superquiz has gained in terms of reader response over at the Varsity, I feel that it is high time the Toike came up with a similar trivia quiz to provide a competitive alternative for readers.

Thus, we are launching our new "SHODDY SUPERQUIZ". The lucky winner will not only have his OSAP application reviewed for possible overpayment, but will be the subject of a future VargFeature devoted entirely to a comprehensive and exhaustive description of his/hers entire sex life! (After that three line expose, the winner will have the rest of the two-page spread to explain why he/she is not a taxidermist when he/she has stated that they enjoy mounting dead Polar Bears!) With this added bonus, we expect to be flooded with entries. So, come on KIDS, enter hard and enter often, 'cause it's not whether you win or lose, it's how game you are to play! Here we go:

- Did Lash Miller have any B/D tendencies?
- Do split-crotch panties cause premature coronary thrombosis among nursing students?
- How many times does the letter 'e' appear in the Bible?
- Which charitable religious organization snapped up the slightly tarnished (but still usable) prophylactic machine at the recent Sir Sandford Fleming fire sale?
- Do infants have as much fun in infancy as adults do in adultery?
- Name 12 phrases beginning with 'fucken'.
- Is there a correlation between rising alcohol consumption and rising wages of university professors?
- Does Oral Roberts condone oral sex?
- Is there any truth to the rumour that the name of the Haemophilic Association's quarterly journal is "Bleeders Digest"?
- How did Flash Gordon get his unusual nickname?

Those are all tough questions, KIDS, so good luck! Prizes for future contests will include:

- a Ph.D. in the discipline of your choice
- controlling interest in ARGUS CORPORATION
- a private audience with the POPE
- dinner for one a SAILOR MYRON'S PUS 'N SCAB Restaurant. (We specialize in CRABS!)
- a genuinely-autographed hockey stick from Darryl Sittler's next door neighbour.
- a rare photograph showing Jimmy Carter scratching his peanuts!
- the country of UGANDA
- an 8 oz. vial of the expensive new line of cologne 'EVENING IN OSHAWA'

So we'll be hearing from you real soon and, oh yes, keep sending in your questions for our other popular feature: STUMP THE AMPUTE!

View From the Almost Top

From my position at "almost the top" (Vice-Pres. Activities) it looks as though next year is going to be one of the best ever for engineering. Preparations have already begun for some of next year's activities, but these events cannot be successful without you help in upholding our great engineering

traditions. Such as: general shit disturbing, boat racing, wild capers and intense university involvement. Please fill out the following questionnaire indicating which areas you would like to help with and return to the Vice Presidents office (upstairs in the annex.)

NAME.....
 ARE YOU LIVING IN TORONTO THIS SUMMER.....
 PHONE NO.....
 CHECK THE ACTIVITIES YOU WOULD LIKE TO HELP WITH.....
 ORIENTATION—FIROSH SUMMER NIGHTS.....
 —HANDBOOK (DISPLAY ARTSIE TALENTS).....
 —HART HOUSE FARM (RELIEVE SADISTIC TENDENCIES).....
 —SCAVENGER HUNT (COLLECT HARD TO OBTAIN ARTICLES).....
 —FIROSH DANCE.....
 —SHINERAMA (CYSTIC FIBROSIS).....
 CAPERS.....
 HOMECUMMING—PARADE (FLOAT BUILDING).....
 —DANCE.....
 OCTOBERFEST (AN EXPERIENCE).....
 RITES OF SPRING (A SPRING EXPERIENCE).....



GODIVA'S BOX

Dear Sirs:

On behalf of the Engineering Alumni Association, may I congratulate you on the superb reportorial work you and your staff performed in providing a very thorough and extensive account on the fire in the Sir Sandford Fleming Building on February 11, 1977. Your detailed report in the Special Issue of the Toike Oike of February 17, 1977 is an outstanding piece of journalism and is of considerable credit to Engineering students who do this work voluntarily on their own time and beyond the normal demands on an Engineering undergraduate.

We also wish to thank you for printing the extra 20,000 copies which we mailed to all Engineering Alumni News. These copies of the Toike Oike will give to all Engineering Alumni throughout the world the extent and the serious consequences of the fire on the disruption to the education of the undergraduates. It will also materially assist in our current fund raising drive for alumni to assist in the reconstruction of the Engineering facilities in the Faculty.

Our compliments go to you for an outstanding and authoritative report on the fire and particularly when you had to produce it under the pressure of time so that it could be distributed far and wide immediately after the fire.

Yours sincerely,
 Roy F. Gross

Engineering Alumni Association
 President

Dear Editor,

I think it is appalling the things that are allowed to occur at Toike make-ups. Honestly, if full grown undergraduates can't be trusted to

behave like human beings rather than wild animals then they should not be allowed to occupy university buildings without supervision. It all comes down to a question of just one thing:— responsibility and discipline. That is two things, I guess. Responsibility and discipline and... Three things:— responsibility and discipline and a sense of community. As one of the vast majority of wrong-thinking people on campus I think the Engineering Society, Executive and especially those responsible for Communications in Engineering should be held personally responsible for this holocaust and the cleaning lady's medical expenses and lined up against a wall and shot. For god's sake, Mr. Flancman, do something.

Bruce Thomson
 Treasurer of the Young Gay Neo-maoist Marxist Leninist Trotskyite League for World Domination and Socialist Revolution and 17 others.

Dear Godiva,

Would you do me just one last favour for the year? Please just give all my love and thanks to the guys (and girls) of Group G and most of Boulton House and a little bit of Robinson and everybody around the Stores and a couple of really great profs and Dean Etkin and all my friends who don't fit into the above categories for seeing me through.

Thanks a lot and see you next year.

Ba Na₂

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a copy of "Who is Ian Engineer" (Joe Skule's Australian Counterpart) taken from the 1977 Orientation Handbook of Monash

University in Melbourne.

You may find them amusing enough to print in the Toike. Your readers may be pleased to know that even down here the engineering student perpetuates the same image as at home so in the interest of Skule, I humbly submit this article.

It would be gratefully appreciated if I could be sent a few back issues of the Toike since there is no engineering paper on campus.

In case you're hard-up for jokes to print too, here's one that's at least worth a chuckle (which means it's suitable for the Toike)

A bum was sitting on a park bench and was watching a slick-looking bloke standing nearby on the footpath. While he was watching, a beautiful chick walked by the bloke and he heard the bloke say to the chick "Tickle me ass with a feather".

The bird turned around and said "I beg your pardon" so the bloke said "Particularly nasty weather".

The girl said "Yes it is" and walked on. This occurred several times and the bum thought it was so funny that he decided to try it himself. So, when a bird came by, the bum said "Tickle me ass with a feather".

The chick turned around and said "I beg your pardon". So then the bum replied "Cunt of a day, isn't it."

I guess you just had to be there to get the full effect. An Aussie accent would help too.

Incidentally, the school year goes from mid-March to mid-November. There are three terms and a three week break between each term.

There are no mid-terms, only final exams. If you're wondering what I'm doing here, I'll tell you that I was one of the many that couldn't get a job when I graduated but one of the few that did something about it, like leave the

country for a while.

Best of luck with your year. I heard the mechanicals won the chariot race. Good on them, mate!

Jeff Cooper
 Mech. 7T6 Eng.

Dear Godiva,

The year end approacheth with alarming rapidity. It's time again to exercise a bit of constructive panic. HELP!!! That's right folks another \$750 (give or take) down the tube and what have you got to show for it? Before I came here I used to be amusingly crazy; now I'm just neurotic.

It's Monday and it's raining. I've got work coming out of my ears, my brains have been pervaded by a slow creeping fungus. Where there was once a heart is now a shattered beer bottle. There is nothing left of me but the shattered broken shell of a transvestite.

At times like these I try to justify my time at this institution of higher learning by asking myself what I have learned. "Self," I say "what have you learned." It boils down to three things:

- that what I want to do has absolutely nothing to do with my courses
- Never eat at New College
- The universal truth of life is not contained in a banana.

That's it. I give up. I'm going to go throw myself into a dish of "Saga Surprise".

Goodbye,
 the better 1/3
 of The Triumverate

Godiva:

I went to a very strange university, you may call it Skule. They had the wierdest rules! One year they decided to have coed student residences. You were allowed to

have anything in your room; booze, girls, drugs but no hotplate! One night I came home and found my room-mate on the bed out cold, naked, three joints in his mouth, two girls in similar condition and an empty bottle of brandy on the floor. I decided to make myself a snack and I pulled out my hotplate. All of a sudden at the door-BAM! BAM! BAM!

"Hey you in there! Do you have soup?"

"No sir, just booze girls and drugs!"

"Come on, don't lie to me- I smell soup!!!"

Well Ms. G. What do you think about that?

Recent Plummer Grad

Subscriptions [executive version]

Gentlemen:

This is an anti-subscription. For reasons not known to me, copies of the Toike continue to arrive on my desk at the University of Nottingham. As I haven't paid for them and as I'm sure that your expenses are such that you cannot be charitably donating them to me, I suggest you stop sending them. To be honest, I seldom have time to do more than glance at the paper, although it is interesting to note the cyclic process from dull filth up towards to mere rubbish and down again. This process is what gives The Toike all its charm. With all good wishes for your publications future.

John Kerr
 Sometime Skuleman of 6T6

WAN TAD

Person wanted to share gas and driving (my car) to Calgary. Departure April 22/23. Phone Lance. 536-4580

Love for deceased not in funeral cost

by Brucie and Poco

With amazing skating skill and breath-taking pirouettes, the second year Electrical Stunt Chariot team beat out all other years at the Annual Friday-Nite Basketball Tournament held at Varsity Arena, March 25. They were cheered on by huge, enthusiastic crowds(Poco, Sylvia, Susan and Nuno, plus one rube who had to be removed for excessive laughing, for fear of the ice turning yellow).

All the credit for the overwhelming victory should be accredited to the unbelievable goalie, Nuno, (but didn't I say that Nuno was in the stands?)while the opposing team's goalie caught up on his much needed beauty rest, Nuno, No. 2 on the team, was given the only penalty for misconduct and body checking. No. 2 Jaro, 'The Blue Wonder', Pristupa, No. 2 Don Morbidson and No. 2 rough-tough,

penalty-taker, Al the Butcher. No one had unfortunately informed him that they were on his team. Meanwhile, behind and under the second year bench, coach 'Bearded Bruce the Boozier' Saine was seen calculating the number of players on ice with his trusty Texas Instrument and coaching the spectators.

Players No. 2 Bob Fluke, No. 2 Mike 'the Shark', but not No. 2 Mike Knott, were removed from the game for careless skating and with no other alternative, Coach Brucie sent out the terrible(you're not kidding!) trio, No. 2 Willy Pao, No. 2 Robby Wakelin and No. 2 Foxy Ron, each well equipped with 4 extra pucks in their cups. In an exciting breakaway, cumming down the ice the trio took careful aim and shot all 12 pucks at the net. All shots missed the open net completely, (Better luck next time guys, you used the wrong stick). During this play, the electrical, purple and yellow, Banana, Mitch took over the position of watered

-out-boy on (under) the benches.

The only worthwhile goal of the game was scored by No. 2 defensive Nobby-the-Notorious, with No. 2 Jim-the-Greek right behind him (sorry, Al, but I was paid off). They spent the rest of the game celebrating with the coach. Oh yeah, No. 2 Andy-Dandy-McCallum and No. 2 Baby-Scot Wilkins played too.

Team owners, Kobless Yates and Hillard-Ballard Tork were not present to comment on their team's 'Fair Enough' effort but were sighted outside the arena behind a shubbery. To take this one step further, Mac-Campbell was also not at the game but reported to be in fair condition at Women's College Hospital after having his stomach pumped.

A hasty retreat was made after the last period to 'Sedra's Pizza Palace' where the team worked on their electronics problem sets and sent charged messages to a table of 'Potentials', with low resistance, nearby.

VIEW FROM A LITTLE CLOSER TO THE TOP THAN CHRIS.

Thank-you to everyone who voted for me in the past Engineering Society election. I hope that I will be able to fulfill my duties in the best interest of all Engineering students. To all the students that did not vote for me, I hope that my performance on the Engineering Society will be met with their approval.

Next year's events are already



A chicken farmer was driving a truck full of chickens to town. Naturally enough on his shoulder he had a parrot. Coincidentally there happened to be a rock festival finishing at the same time, and so the road was strewn with female hitch-hikers. Seeing this as being a fine opportunity to get his end wet he stopped at the first girl he saw, opened the door, and asked her simply, "Do you fuck?" Naturally she screamed, and he yelled "Get out!" and slammed the door. He carried out the same procedure with the next girl he saw: "Do you fuck?" "ceek" "get out". It was not until the fifth unsuspecting victim that he received an affirmative on his wishes. Ah Ah Um Fuck off. Throwing the parrot in with the chickens he proceeded to carry out several unnatural acts while driving sixty miles an hour (not clever use of words). Three miles later, he was stopped by the local authorities and accused of littering the highways. Looking back down the highway he noticed his chickens hither and anon at certain intervals. Racing to the back of his truck to see what was wrong, he caught his parrot picking up a chicken. "Do you fuck", "get out".



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underway and progress has been made in the short time since the elections. If the activities underway by your new executive are to take shape and properly represent the students of this illustrious faculty we must have the support and assistance of all Engineering students. Only with this backing and help can these activities properly progress. I hope that many students can find the time to come out and be a part of our undertakings. After all, if the members of the Engineering Society Council can find the time, then surely the students we represent can make time to support the activities that carry the Engineering Society name.

John C. MacDonell
V. P. Administration

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Waterloo, Ontario N2L 3G1

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THE START OF SOMETHING GREAT.



WHO IS IAN ENGINEER?



Don't you love the method by which people generalise about making generalisations, and the way everyone is put into a neat little category (according to, and limited by personal experience). A person who cannot be shoved sideways into a category is therefore labelled a freak, a nutcase, a zombie, or dare I say it? . . . yes, yes . . . a communist (oh no, horror!!)

Okay, then, see if you recognise this case study. Since it may be difficult, I'll give you a clue: it's predominantly of the male species, that's my theory anyhow. He's got a short back and sides (basin) haircut, sometimes slicked back to imitate (the good guy) Ronald Reagan, but usually dry and frizzy with a receding hairline. When he shakes his head it's not a snowstorm but merely dandruff cascading down from the



apex of a lanky frame whose head is in the clouds, coldly and methodically calculating the fracture stress and critical strain of the optimum thickness rubber band needed to propel his supercharged twin turbo prop paper plane to the blackboard (narrowly missing the lecturer's balding cranium). Thud!

This person would be otherwise unrecognisable amid the motly, varied, fat and skinny, freaky lot of nature children at that earthy establishment of Monash University, . . . ah hah, except for two things!! Yes folks, he walks like a lumber jack, (sometimes with a slight limp when he is trying to imitate his second favourite superhero, Long John Silver) and the other telling sign being, (noticeable only to an experienced Kim's game player, or Davey Crockett), the

fact that he always wears thongs, except in the middle of Winter (at Fall's Creek) when he pulls on a pair of desert boots to go for a job interview.

He comes from a private school (let's say, Haileybury, shall we?), and according to certain Arts/Law 11 students, suffers from an acute lack of girlfriends. Therefore, in summer, he wears black footy shorts to expose those hairy, bony, yet virile legs which are his devious way of diverting attention away from his ugly, unshaven anglo-saxon face, and attracting members of the opposite sex by his fancy footwork, lying on his back, whilst dropping the clutch out of his hotted up Zephyr with 12" steel belted Bridgestones.

This man is a chauvanist pig (a sexist no less), this is because he calls women "chicks" and insists on taking them to dinner, buying them drinks and generally behaving in a friendly, humble and gracious way, (oohh yuk!!)

But let us now investigate the magical mentality and sparkling pulsating personality of our man of the moment. A conservative and racist, this person votes Liberal exclusively, regardless of the political issues, but simply because of a family hatred for trade unionists. His drinking habits would put Alcoholics Anonymous out of business through overdemand, for the dinkum engineer (whoops, pretend I didn't say that), could never be accused of knocking back a drink. He rarely smokes except under the influence, and would certainly never touch that devil weed (cos, it's too bloody expensive, mate). Attitudes to study are non-existent.

The point about all this, is that generalisations and categorisations are never accurate simply because they are generalisations, and although they may contain a thread of truth the person that uses them to ridicule is

more foolish than the target.

The average engineering student has a reputation for displaying more of the animal instincts in man. Some do, most don't. Engineers are more than capable of laughing at themselves because they attend the same lectures and mix together for 4 years in lab. classes, tutorials, etc. a strong group feeling exists which tends to bring out the inherent boisterousness present in everyone.

Engineers are to quote a phrase, "the salt of the earth". Therefore, if you think you're a genius and thus capable of joining this elite bunch, attempt to complete the following test:

In each of the groups below, one word is out of place. Try your luck:

1. Beer, Engineers, Sherry Party, Sherry.
2. Hee Haw, Puss-Puss, Moo Cow, Albert Langer.
3. Intelligence, Superiority, Engineers, Saucepan.
4. Good evening, How do you do, How nice to meet you, Back off.

And now finally a definition which is taken from a sheet of unknown origin and no doubt as old as Archimedes himself.

An engineer is one who passes as an exacting expert on the strength of being able to turn out, with prolific fortitude, strings of incomprehensible formulae calculated with micrometric precision, from extremely vague assumptions based on debatable figures obtained from inconclusive tests and quite incomplete experiments, carried out with instruments of problematic accuracy and by persons of rather dubious mentality, with the particular anticipation of disconcerting and annoying a group of hopelessly chimerical fanatics altogether too frequently described as the Corporate Staff.



A lesson in the arts:

This painting is a 19th century narrative painting depicting the consequences of the Queen farting and the fart-boy not being around to accept the blame. Little known to most engineers is that the Queen farts quite often and in order to save the figure of dignity, there is always a fart boy (very small and very black) who cries out and accepts all blame when the Queen farts.

"Poot!" (a royal anal utterance).

The Queen: Who Farted?

Fart Boy: I did mame, I did.

The Queen now proceeds to smash our fart boy over the head with something along the lines of a pick axe. (It should be noted here too that in case of fart-boy absence, the Prime Minister takes the blame and is shot on sight.)

The above picture shows how the average family is shaken when they receive news of a Queenish fart in the absence of both the fart-boy and the Prime Minister. The House of Cards tumbles, the heroine suffers from a carelessly overcharged vibrator and the hero contemplates getting a menthal enema from a local Enema Therapist. Thirty-One Flavours.

Ode to an Organ

(Sung to the tune of Carole King's "You've Got A Friend")

When you're down and flaccid
And you need some rhythmic care
And nothing, no nothing is going up
Retract your skin and think of me
And soon I will be there
To stiffen up even your softest shaft

CHORUS:

You just call out my name
And you know, wherever I am
I'll cum runnin' to stroke you again
Winter, spring, summer or fall
Call me when you think you're too small
And I'll be there
You've got a hand

If that twat before you
Grows dark and full of teeth
And that old north wind begins to blow!
Keep your head together
And call my name out loud
Soon you'll hear me beating at your door

CHORUS:

Now ain't it good to know that you've got a hand
When vaginas can be so cold
They'll bite you, just to spite you
And take your spunk if you let them
Oh, but don't you let them

CHORUS:

Fever?

I took my strapper to a drive in motel;
She turned the satin down,
And then I slipped on a Stimula
We broke the Hymen digging moaning sound.

I got the floozie fever
I'll pull my floozie down
Floozie fever
I think I'm cumming now.

I took my hosebag to a Skule Formal
She likes to hear the Tuba
Cause then she turns on her anal sphincter
The Band had fainted
But the tunes went on.

Now I've got anal fever
I like to sniff around
Why yes it's anal fever
The smell is wafting around.

I took my womb bag to a Double Feature
She likes to watch the hard-ons
Cause when she sees them she goes all juicy
She lifts her pelvis
And then soaks the crowd

She's got the vulva fever
She likes to grind around
She's got the vulva fever
I wish it was going around.

I took a howler to an engineer
She said she'd get it on
But when he pulled out his minute prick
She spun around and on me went down.

Now she's got artsie fever
On artsies she'll go down
Yes she's got artsie fever
I KNOW it's going around.

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Joe Talk

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of my supporters in the past election campaign. I hope that I do not prove to be a disappointment. Okay, now on to business.

First of all I'd like to remind all class representatives for the Engineering Society and Faculty Council and the executive of the meeting this afternoon at 5 pm. in GB202. So get your collective asses out and attend. We have a lot of work to go through before the summer hits, and this is the meeting we have to do it in. Moving right along... John MacDonell still needs the names of the new Chemical Club Chairman and the new Chemical 3rd year reps (7T9) to the Faculty Council and Eng. Soc., so get off your asses Chemical. A note here to the Engineering Athletic Association, you had better get a president soon if you want him to sit on our executive.

We will be dealing with several important issues at tonight's meeting. First off, we will hand out two questionnaires. This first one is for the Engineering Faculty's benefit. It deals with grading practices. Do you want to see numbers or letters on your report cards? We need a large response on the questions before we can go anywhere with it.

The second questionnaire is a Joint S.A.C.-Engineering Questionnaire on the level of awareness of Engineering students re: SAC.

So much for the meeting. The plan for the summer re the Eng. Soc. include revamping the Constitution so we can get it approved by the Faculty Council, so we can continue to get \$28,000 in fees from the University, and the question of getting the various clubs more money.

During the summer, Chris will also be organizing Orientation, Summer Nights, and Oktoberfest, so if you have some time, come out and give him and us a hand. If you have any questions during the summer you can get me via the Eng. Soc. Offices, 978-2917. Good luck to you all during exams. I know that I need it.

Joseph Lotiburd



Susan Sherwill of Sudbury added a full 4½ breasts to her emaciated body! Quadruple your Bust and triple your income! See dramatic evidence in the before and after shots above. The Busts you've always wanted probably belong to your friends!

☐ Please, oh please, rush me the infamous Toike Tit Developing Kit TODAY!! I certify that I have never generated a single thought on my own, and if I don't gain at least several inches on my busts, it is just tough shit. I also understand that I may have my nose torn off.

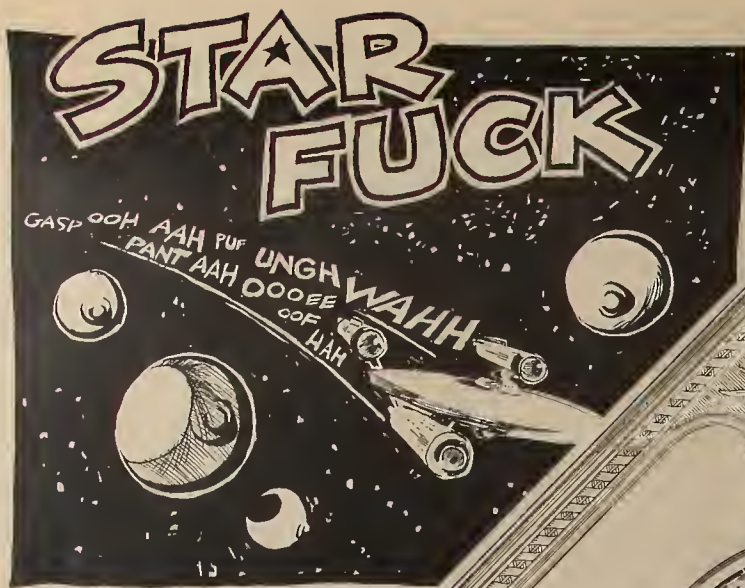
NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY _____

☐ I enclose 8 dollars per tit, and a further 3 dollars for each additional nipple.

Beefeater
Beefeater
Beefeater
so pure...so smooth



Beefeater Dry Gin retains its fine taste even in mixes.
Distilled and bottled in London, England.



"Captain's Log, Stardate 2746.97. The sun in the Antares IV solar system is going super nova and the inhabitants of the fifth planet are requesting our aid."

"Prepare the entire barrage of photon torpedos, Mr. Sulu," Kirk said, matter-of-factly.

"Sir, with all due respect, a few miserable photon torpedos don't stand a chance against a super nova," offered Sulu.

Kirk's face turned purple with rage. "Shove the nova. These are for the planet."

All eyes turned to the captain. Mr. Sulu couldn't mean it.

"They don't help..."

"They don't go off either!"

"S..."

"Repeating immediately, he brought communication spraying electro-

floor. "Mr. Sulu, the Torture Chamber. See to it he gets maximum from his visit," Kirk echoed around the stony silence of the bridge. Everyone was terrified even to breathe.

Kirk's rage dissipated into mild hysteria once Sulu was dragged off to the "Wreck Room" as Kirk fondly called it.

"Oh yes, prepare full torpedo barrage right now, Chekov," he roared at Mr. Chekov, who often had difficulty performing even the simplest tasks, having only one finger (it was all Kirk left him when he found Chekov had taken some extra desert from the galley).

"They are ready now, Sir," he replied.

"Then fire them, you idiot," Kirk shouted at Chekov, kicking him twice in the kidney.

Chekov passed out on the firing button, while below him, a billion people passed out of existence.

"Good work, Chekov," Kirk said to the unconscious body.

"Sir, we may have aided the Antarians, but their sun is still going to super nova. And what's worse, we've been trapped in its powerful gravitational pull." Mr. Spock put forth though, fearing he may have irritated the captain.

"Serves us right. Well, see what you can do about remedying the situation. I'm going to knock off for a minute or two," Kirk said as he walked into the computer operated elevator. Unfortunately, the door closed behind him quickly, catching his left buttock.

Suddenly, the entire door vaporized into thin air under the captain's phaser fire.

Unfortunately, the security officer ordered the executed body disposed of in the pods.

Home For Wayward Girls

We offer the finest in rehabilitation training for young ladies who have strayed from the paths of propriety and sojourned in the dark realms of sensual pleasure. Discipline is a major tool used at S. and M. House. We can whip you back into shape back on the well-beaten path. Facilities include a well-stocked gymnasium and many small soundproof classrooms. Strike your fancy? Just drop by and tell us your problems. Slash prices now in effect, so enrol right away. You'll kick yourself senseless if you miss out on what we offer. Come on down today. We can work it out.

IN TROUBLE? NEED HELP? COME AT ONCE TO THE SWANSON and MORRISON

"Probably," he himself, feeling, "And he accu head on one of the control panels, you see. Spock felt a sickening up in his stomach. "And, well, he phasered control panel into a pool of ice and he jetisoned the anit-matte pods."

Spock began to cry. At first it was only quiet sniffles, but soon his whole chest was heaving and he was sobbing out loud. "There, there, Mr. Spock," Lieutenant Uhura whispered, handing him a used handkerchief. "It'll be alright..."

"Like hell it will," Dr. McCoy



quadrant, showering the space with its ghostly glow.

"What the hell is that?" Dr. McCoy asked, somewhat rhetorically.

"I AM GOD!" the cloud thundered.

The crew was awestruck. "It doesn't even look like the captain," Lieutenant Uhura thought.

"What's going on here?" the captain shouted, emerging from the emergency exit.

"Sir, that cloud... it's God!" Spock sputtered, now a confirmed believer.

"It's not that great," said Kirk, somewhat angered by comment. He decided to nebosity directly.

is the USS Enterprise.

tered again. It a handful of not selected Kirk was such a ally

"It's God again," thought Mr. Spock. "He thinks He's Captain Kirk."

"Look," Kirk said, highly irritated, "You've got five minutes to release my ship."

Mr. Spock's eyes riveted on the captain. He'd never backed out of great before, and this time, he even more determined.

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ns from before

the dying as it dissolved the nuclear fire

Kirk said pompously, he began to say as started to grow louder, remains one final thing to

"Every word began to ex like a thunderclap. An ether glow enveloped his head and a brilliant light surrounded the bridge upon which he stood. The crew sat transfixed in the presence of the demi-god that was forming even now before their humble eyes.

Kirk shed His earthly body and entered the very fabric of space. He became a being ephemeral, from whose very essence the life blood of the universe flowed.

"Come to me, my children," He thundered, taking the Enterprise under His command. "You shall now worship me as befits a god."

"So what's the difference now?" Chekov said.

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crew was relieved that Sulu "alright". (most of the Wreck

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Lady Godiva Memorial Page

A plea for World Peace was plead, or was it? But was it to be so. After a world record forty minutes of Hey Jude with out a break, the officials of Cheeks were beginning to wonder. But little did they know, that it was indeed only the beginning. The LGMB, after doing all it could to gain admittance to an event that they were actually invited to, had no choice but to unleash the ultimate weapon. More insipid than Trinity, more disgusting than Devonshire, more boring than a finite number of Theologians, almost as useless as Erindale, not any where near as artsie as Scarborough, more frustrating than an IBM370, more assenine than Gnu, as stubborn as Gord Bullock, and with all the charisma that only a wave from President Evans can bring, it was the performance of the recent classic, Hey Jude. The Finality; used by the BNAD on several occasions when circumstances warranted such a drastic measure. If there had been more windows and doors to close, the band may have gone all night. Which reminds me of a guy who, while serving in Viet Nam as a serviceman had his privates shot off. Afraid to tell his wife by the unusually slow postal service, he waited three months until he arrived home without said articles, at which point he was forced to own up to his recently acquired inadequacies. Naturally enough, she was upset and aghast with horror on seeing a blank space where before had gleamed the pride of Arabia. She immediately started to sob and seem generally annoyed, as she cried about how good their sex life had been, and what would she do for her orgasms; she'd even cancelled milk delivery for the week. So, he decided that he should try to get some form of replacement for his loss, and besides, his insurance policy had covered it, but not as well as his pants. The next day, he trotted on down to his physi-

cian. Luckily, the doc had come across cases like this before, although never quite so far gone. He suggested a method which could be used to restore his sex life to what they both hoped would be as normal as possible. The method, having never been tried before was sketchy to say the least, and involved the sowing of a baby elephants trunk onto the body in the place of what went before. As this was a bit of a risky operation, the man was advised to check with his wife to make sure she approved, as one can never be sure. So he went home and gave the news to her. She was delighted and once again cried about how good their sex life had been, and how not even their minister could do it without simultaneously reading Psalms aloud anymore, so he consented to undergo the operation. Three days later, three plus a half hour in Nfld., he came home again, with a long slim baby elephant's trunk sown onto his pelvic area. His wife was tickled pink, so to speak, and soon their sex life returned to even better than normal, making up for lost time. She even cancelled the milk delivery all together, and cut the bread delivery down to once a week, and had an outside mailbox installed. So all was bliss. One night at a party, the man was over at the bar pouring himself a drink. There was a bowl of peanuts on the bar. All of a sudden, his fly unzipped, the trunk whisked out and grabbed a peanut and whisked back in. Of course, he was embarrassed, but he looked around and no-one had noticed, so he simply avoided the bar for the evening. Later at the same party, he was standing beside a bowl of grapes, when all of a sudden, the same thing happened; out came the trunk, grabbed a grape and whipped back in before anyone noticed. By this time the man was getting rather annoyed, so he found his wife and they went home to bed and thrashed about



speed of light, grabbed a grapefruit, and winged back into his pants. At this point, the man had had it. He yelled, grabbed his wife and headed for the car. As they were going, he screamed, 'That does it, its coming off.' To which his wife replied, 'Have some consideration, our sex life has been so good, don't leave me to that smelly newspaper boy. Take pity on me!' 'Pity on you,' he screamed out tortured like, 'Its not your ass its shoving them up!'

LATEST HOSTAGE INCIDENT

Toronto's latest hostage incident occurred the other day when a jock held the entire Lady Godiva Memorial Band at bay with a can of Arrid Extra Dry and a month old sock, at a well-known bank at King and Yonge. The bnad had been in the bnak, with the intention of playing Hey Jude until the bank handed over all its assets (the tellers) when the jock, jogging by, had noticed a strange aroma from the general area. One band member had foolishly worn sneakers. The jock attracted by the odour came into the bank, and seeing this golden opportunity, forced the band to continue playing, until the bank handed over some money. The band, too smart to be conned by some dum jock, stopped its performance. Seeing the situation break down, the jock got desperate and took the entire place by surprise by placing his sweatshirt in front of the doors, thus keeping all present as hostages. The police were soon on the spot and negotiating. The bnad remained calm. Cases of beer were brought in at someone's expense in order to keep the band alive in the interim. A reporter was sent in to interview the jock at the request of his mother and sister. At this point he had forgotten why he had gone in and couldn't decide on a good request for ransom. He was torn between being a policeman for a day or having his room painted

orange, although he did like his room the way it was sort of, and he could pretend he was a policeman, but it wasn't quite the same. A bulletin had just arrived at that time from Uganda. Emperor Amin was requesting that the jock be given amnesty there. When questioned on the subject, the jock said 'Idi who...?' and seemed to think that Uganda was either an insult, or something like UC. A quick thinking band member quickly uttered a mathematical formula, which so bewildered the jock that his tolerance went down and the band was able to play again.

The incident ended noisily, as the BNAD headed for the subway, past its adoring fans who had mobbed the streets to get a look at their heros.

GRAD BALL

Another world record was set by the Lady Godiva Memorial Band at the 777 Grad Ball. The band, having taken up residence in its plush sixteenth floor suite in the Harbour Castle Hotel, proceeded to go through a record number of colour television sets. The "repairman" who couldn't be convinced that it might possibly be the switch, kept bringing television sets for the better part of the evening. It is also believed that a record number of "Story of 'O'" screenings were viewed that night in the bnad suite, but because noone was actually watching, the LGMB was disqualified, and had to settle for an honorary award for most wasted Industrial engineer.

THE BAND RECORD WILL BE OUT IN SEPTEMBER. WATCH YOUR FAVOURITE RECORD STORE AND THIS FILTHY RAG FOR MORE DETAILS.

BAND MEMBERS!!!! The year is not over yet. Check the Bnad Bored for details of upcomming events over the next day or two, and a possible "World's tallest free standing Bnad concert."



